

VERMONT COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 3. BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1874. NO. 16.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BARTON.

C. A. ROBINSON & CO.,
DEALERS IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR,
Bacon, &c.

D. McDUGALL,
MERCHANT TAILOR, AND DEALER IN GENTS'
Furnishing Goods.

O. D. OWEN,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
General Merchandise.

A. J. CUTLER,
MILLINERY, DRESSMAKING AND PATTERN
Business, Barton, Barton Landing & Newport.

M. HUBBARD,
HOUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER
and Initiator of Wood and Marble.

A. B. BLAKE,
MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED,
Dealer in all kinds of Grain.

JOHN ARKLEY,
MACHINEIST, DEALER IN BLACKSMITH,
Special attention given to Horse Shoeing.

J. N. WEBSTER,
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GEO. A. BALDWIN,
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J. N. WEBSTER,
PHOTOGRAPHER, DEALER IN STEREOSCOPES,
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DALE & ROBINSON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

C. J. ROBINSON,
PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT, WILL DO MILL
Jobs or Furnish Plans for Mills. Agents for the
United Water Wheel, and all Mill Machinery.

LOUIS YOUNG,
HAINES MAKER AND TAILOR, REPAIR-
ing done neatly and promptly. Shop next door
to Marble Works.

M. SARGENT,
MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM MADE BOOTS
and Shoes. Repairing promptly attended to at
reasonable rates.

J. W. BALDWIN,
AGENT FOR THE CHAMPLAIN MUTUAL FIRE
Insurance Co., Burlington, Vt. Insurance of all
kinds placed in the best Stock and Mutual Companies.

J. W. HALL & CO.,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS
and Caps, W. L. Goods, Groceries and General
Merchandise. Will take Produce in exchange.

W. F. ROBINSON,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR,
Saus, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and Ready Made
Clothing.

WHITCHER & CLARK,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD
Glass and Hollow Ware and Agricultural Imple-
ments. All kinds of Repairing taken in exchange.

J. W. CARSDY,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL
attention paid to cutting Ladies' and Children's
hair.

M. J. SMITH,
PROPRIETOR OF THE ORLEANS COUNTY
Marble Works, and American Marble,
Gravestones, Monuments, &c.

J. L. WOODMAN,
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, AND FINDINGS
of the best kind. Offered cheap for
cash. Store opposite the Drug Store.

W. B. CRITCHETT,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER, GAINING, WHITE-
washing and Paper Hanging done in the best
style and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited.

J. J. HILL,
SUCCESSOR TO F. P. CHENEY, WILL CONTINUE
to sell a large variety of Sewing and Knitting
Machines. Orders solicited.

E. F. DUTTON,
SUCCESSOR TO WM. JOSELYN & SONS, DEALER
in Drugs, Medicines, Dry Goods, Paints, Oils, Jap-
an, Perfumery, Stationery, Groceries, Window Glass,
Putty, Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

L. B. WOOD, JR. & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF WOOD, METAL GLASS,
Cupboards and Paper Hangings in Water, Stone,
Ornamental Paintings, &c. Proprietors of Wood & Star
Ornamental Paintings, &c. Glover, Vt.

F. T. FERRATELLO,
GLOVER.

G. L. FRENCH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

E. E. POSTER,
PROPRIETOR UNION HOUSE, STAGE LEAVES
for Montpelier Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fri-
days, and for Barton Tuesdays.

D. L. DWINELLE,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS,
Caps and General Merchandise. The celebrated
St. Louis Water on hand for sale.

N. B. SCOTT,
PROPRIETOR OF FLOURING MILLS,
Best brands Family Flour available on hand. Also
Corn and other feed. N. B. Particular attention paid
to custom grinding.

J. W. SCOTT,
DEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES,
Collars and Horse Clothing, Blankets, &c. All
kinds of trimming—Saddles and Leather Goods,
Fishes, Trunks, Japanese and Gold Plate. Repairing
promptly attended to.

J. E. DWINELL,
MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN Furniture of
all kinds and descriptions, Carpets, Room Paper
Furnishings and fixtures, also Coffins and Caskets. Picture
frames, Spring Beds, &c. Glover, Vt.

R. S. ORNE,
DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND
CASKETS, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

W. D. TYLER,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR,
Also Insurance Agent, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

L. H. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR,
Also Insurance Agent, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

E. W. POWELL,
PROPRIETOR IRASBURGH HOUSE, Irasburgh,
Vt. A good Livery in connection with the
house. Stage leaves for Barton Landing Depot twice
a day.

W. L. RUSSELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, Medicines, Dry Goods, Bat-
tery, Blank Books, Candles, Cigars, Tobacco,
Toilet Soap, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular Van-
ities, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

S. STANFORD,
THE SAME OLD SHOP AS EVER, always on
hand at his Post of Trade where every man
wishes to Trade for Goods in his line, such as Harnes-
ses and Trunks, Livery Stables and Groceries, Vegetables
at his house, and Cigars, Scotch Whisky, with other Estab-
lishments, and a good place for travelers horses at his livery-
Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. & C. SKINNER,
DEPT STORE (SUCCESSORS TO GRADY,
Clerk & Barker) Dealers in Flour, Corn, Gro-
ceries, Hardware, Paints and Oils. Barton Landing, Vt.
DAVID SKINNER. 4-14 C. SKINNER.

MADISON COVENS, HAND ALL
the latest styles of ready-made Coffins, Caskets,
Burial Cases and Trappings of every description—
Terms reasonable. West Albany, Vt.

P. L. KENDALL,
ATTORNEY, BARTON LANDING, VERMONT.

W. W. JILLES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. North Craftsbury, Vt.
2-29

ROBERT KILLS,
DEALER IN HARNESSES, Blankets, whips, carry
combs, &c., Barton Landing, Vt.

A. D. MASSEY,
PRACTICAL MASON, Coventry, Vermont.

J. F. WRIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence,
Barton Landing, Vt. 2-21

DR. O. A. BEHNS,
HOMOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
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CUTLER & GOSN,
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs,
Greenboro, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS,
SURGEON DENTIST. At Little's Hotel in Barton
Village every Wednesday. Barton Landing, Vt.

"Dat Ish Too Thin."

BY CHADWICK'S PEN.

Yonder dees are data fondly murmured,
In yonder clime we roam;
By meekness at der heehee,
And by saunders' noddle foam.

By de ladies in der parlors,
And by chaps in bar-room din,
But the simplest ones of any,
Is, I think, "Dat ish too thin."

Quick knows ven spring ish comin',
By de flowers athru in der way,
And out of all der purple splendours
Rolls der rich, ripe summer day.

Ven I tella meen friend, "de apples
Sinn't to hear den dewet birds sing,
O' speake he—ven you love dea,
Yah, old boys, "Dat ish too thin."

Goodness grasshous 'rat a pity
Tis to bring such thoughts low down,
Ven de mist ish filled mit beauty,
And de eyes see nature's crown.

In de golden beams of moonlight
Ven de dew drops clatter,
I speaka meen soul's emotion,
Says aqne chag, "Dat ish too thin."

Ven I goes out in de evenin'
Mit some fellows 'at I know,
And der yells into some places
Und a drink around propos.

For I say, "dat ish too thin,"
Shumps to speed in beer or gin—
Quick de voices der meen
Junders out, "Dat ish too thin."

Y'f goes to see meen shweetheart
Sinn't to speak some words of love,
Brighter dan de ones above:
Den she says, "O stop dat nonsense,
For I don't get any vice."

Angels don't eat kraut und pretzels,
Der ish too thin, "Dat ish too thin."
So around dis Yankee nahsh
Sinn't der slang words like a top,

I'll get into der nett soon,
Und I vish der use to stop.
But sinn't I hear der meen de school boys,
Und den chaps dat's stout and slim,
Und meen brains get mixed und muddled
By such stuff, "Dat ish too thin."

A Story for None but Scolds.

Mrs. Stebbins stood shading her eyes

with one hand, and gazing up the road

toward the school house.

Well, it beats the world! she said

aloud; here it is a quarter past five this

minute, and Henrietta Stebbins not in

sight yet; curious to me why a girl of

her age can't have a little interest in

things about her own home. I tell you

if I hadn't had at her age it would have

been pounded into me, that is one sure

thing; here is all the milk to be skim-

med, and it is time to build a fire for

supper, and out under the big kettle, to

heat the water for the calves' mess; the

eggs to be gathered in, and there is that

big-yellow hen that makes such a good

mother, wants to set, and I was going to

send Henrietta over to Mrs. Crunin's this

very night to get—

Ha-ha-ha, he-e-e-e!

Mrs. Stebbins cut short her sentence

and whirled around to see her jolly, fat

husband standing in the kitchen door

wiping the sweat from his face, and

laughing, ha-ha-ha!

What are you laughing at, Mr. Steb-

bins? if you can tell; if it is at me, I

would advise you to just wait for some

more mirth-provoking occasion.

Don't need any better one, wife, not

a bit! This is rich enough; haven't I

stood ten minutes, and heard you prac-

ticing here all by yourself?

Practicing what, Mr. Stebbins?

On a first class scolding which you're

going to give Ett for being late home to-

night, and I s'pose she's had to wait

take another from the school Miss, for

being late to school this morning. Might

be good thing for Ett she takes after her

old father and has got such plump, broad

shoulders, else she couldn't stand so

much as she gets all around mebbe, but

mother—(hesitatingly) come now, don't

you believe Ett would do most as well

if not a little better if you don't scold

her quite so much—eh? Yonder she

comes now, running like a deer—and

this hot night! 'nough to kill her.

And farmer Stebbins, dear old soul,

having had his drink for which he came,

and having said a volume more than he

often ventured to say, went quickly

back to the garden, not waiting for his

wife to recover from her chagrin and as-

tonishment sufficiently to answer him

but saying to himself, No, mother's just

the best woman at heart, and never

means the half she says. I wish she

wouldn't scold so much, it's all she lacks

tho', mebbe, of bein' perfect and ready

for 'nother world, but it frets the girl

so; and don't do no good, not enough to

pay anyway; that's how it seems to me,

and Ett's pretty good little gal 'ording

to my reckoning that is.

Henrietta Stebbins' pretty round face

was all aglow with something beside the

running when she reached home that

Monday night; she expected to "catch

an awful scolding" for being so late, but

her mother simply said:

I hope you had enough schooling

for one day, pointing to the clock.

It's too bad, mother, I know, and you

so tired with washing; I didn't think

it was so late though you see Miss Mott

was helping me with my arithmetic,

something I was too stupid to get thro'

my head all day, and some way I tho'

not see through it for ever so long to-

night—but I did at last, it is so plain

now and you don't know how glad I am.

I do want to go into the sixth grade

when I go down town to school, and

Miss Mott says she is sure I can if I

finish that arithmetic. Now what is first

for me to do? having rolled up her

sleeves and tied on a blue checked apron

while talking.

Unluckily, she had touched the wrong

chord by speaking of that most cher-
ished of all precious plans "going to school"

which her father had promised she might

do in September, and which her mother

persisted in calling "the greatest piece

of foolishness."

Do? do what has got to be done, of

course, enough to be done, and I should

think a girl of your age might see it

without waiting to be told every iden-
tical thing. Here is milk to be skimmed,

supper to be got ready, calves' feed to

be made, eggs to be hatched, clothes to

be taken down and sprinkled, and there

you stand as unconcerned, asking what

shall I do? You can do just what you

please. I'll not tell you a mortal thing,

and Mrs. Stebbins drew on a doleful,

head-and-setting her lips firmly on her

teeth.

Poor Ett! She thought her mother

had told her enough to do, she only won-

dered what she would rather have done

first, and knew she would have to be ex-

traordinarily careful or she would bring up

herself a storm of words she could see

were only gathering against the provoca-

tion came; but she fell to work brave-

ly, carefully and quickly doing those

things her mother had named as her

"head would stop aching."

She was a good girl, and had profited

by her mother's teachings and could

work almost as quickly and well about

most things pertaining to the general

housework as her mother herself, and as

she went on quietly she had the satis-

faction of seeing "the storm was blow-

ing over," the wrinkles in her forehead

lessened in number and depth, the mouth

regained its more pleasing expression

and herself began to breathe more freely.

Supper was ready, and she had called

to her father to come, and was taking

the clothes off the line as she went back

when her mother called her.

Oh, Henrietta! Henrietta, come here,

quick!

She dropped the clothes pin she had

just pulled off, and ran in through the

sitting-room depositing the armful of

clothes on the lounge as she ran.

Come, you are the pokiest girl, and

don't try my patience, why couldn't you

come when I called you?

Why, mother, I did just as fast as I

could. I had an armful of clothes I was

taking down.

Of course! you always have an arm-

ful of clothes then, or something when I

need you. You had better say a head-

ful of going to town to school, and then

you would hit it about right. I do just

hope and pray something will turn up

to keep you at home, it has been nothing

but that for a year, and for my part I

have heard all I want of it. Now, run

over to Mrs. Crunin's and get those eggs

she promised me from her Brahmas. I

want to set old yellow to night, and had

like to have forgotten it with so many

million things to worry me, don't stop

to talk! Do you hear, Henrietta Steb-

bins?

Yes, I do hear! answered back Ett,

and away she went, cross-lots to Mrs.

Crunin's fast as she could, for her aching

head and the pain in her side which had

come during her run home from school,

and which had not left yet, but it was

only a little way, just a few yards—

thirty or forty maybe, and she got the

eggs and was home again just as her

father and the men from the field went

into the supper room followed by her

mother, who, seeing her turned to say:

Well, you did go quick once in your

life, I must say! Now, child take that

crook of cream out to the cave so it will

not get warm, and then come to your

supper—hurry now! don't keep us wait-